pers of the elder Spark

force of her remark.

YEARLY RECORD.

TOTAL NO. OF WORLDS PRINTED DURING 1888

104,473,650. AVERAGE PER DAY POR ENTIRE YEAR: 285,447.

SEVEN YEARS COMPARED: THE WORLD came under the Present Propris ship Noy 10, 1883.

Year.	Fearly Total.	Daily Avge
1882	8,151,157	22,331
1883	12,235,238	33.541
1884	28,519,785	77,922
	51,241,267	140,387
1886	70,126,041	192,126
1887		
1888	104,473,650	285,447

Sunday WORLD'S Record: Averaging Over 230,000 Copies Each Sunday Since 1885.

24,054

79,985

166,636

The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1889 was ... The Average Circulation of The Sun-day WORLD during 1883 was The Average Circulation of The Sun-day WORLD during 1884 was.... The Average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1886 was The Average Circulation of The Sun-day WORLD during 1880 was 234,724 The Average Circulation of The Sun-day WORLD during 1887 was 257,267 The Average Circulation of The Sun-day WORLD during 1888 was 260,326

Amount of White Paper Used During the Six Years Ending Dec. 31, 1888 :

1,423,288 1886 4,468,455 1887 8,229,207 1888 CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL

Benjamin Franklin's watch is owned by a Lancaster (Pa.) gentleman, who still carries it and says that it keeps good time. It is of silver,

WORLDLINGS.

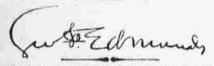
back: "Ben Franklin, 1776, Phila leiphia. Representativo Cannon, of Illinois is said to be the greatest letter-writer in Congress. He spends several hours a day dictating as many letters as his stenographer can tram cribe, and then writes a large number with his own hand.

shaped like a biscuit, and has engraved on its

John W. Young, the eldest son of the late head of the Mormon Church, is a wealthy and energetic business man, who has made a fortune in railroads, banks and cattle ranching. He is forty-three years old and in the full vigor of

Albert Nuchols, a negro who died at Daven port, ia., a few days ago, was noted for his wonderful knowledge of biblical lore. He knew a great portion of the Bible by heart. From his courteons manners and polite demeanor be was long ago given the sobriquet of " Prince Al-

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.



Beath of Secretary Frelinghuysen's Widow. linghuysen, died at her home in Newark yesterday as the age of seventy-two. She had suffered from lung trouble and paralysis ever since her husband's death.

Mrs. Fredinghuysen was a daughter of Mr. George Griswold, a wealthy New York merchant who was engaged in the China trade. She was a brilliant entertainer, especially in Washingtow. Her large fortune goes to her six surviving children.

Personal.

Dr. Charles N. Cox, who did such excellent work as The Eventso World physician last Summer, will attend the annual convention of the New York State Medical Society at Albany this week. Dr. Cox, though one of the younger members of the profession, is already recognized as a leading light of the medical fraternity in Brooklyn. Here Is a Chance for Knowing Ones.

How many streets south of Fourteenth street run from the North River to the East River? can only count three. Is there any reader of your paper who can name more than that num-

All Right.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please hold the \$1 I sent and we will contribute it to the first good cause that THE EVENING WORLD suggests. H. H.

A Mysterious Englishman in St. Petersburg.

[St. Petersburg Letter to London Standard.] The Russian police are engaged in an attempt to unravel a mysterious affair in which the chief part was played by an Englishman. This person, whom I will call Mr. G., is said to be a gentleman by birth and education. He arrived here a fortnight ago, and put up at the Hotel de France. According to his own story, having met with an accident in Eng-land, he went into a hospital, and there made the acquaintance of some Russian medical students, who eventually engaged him as secretary. For some time he carried on a very mysterious correspondence for them, and at last was instructed to go to very invsterious correspondence for them, and at last was instructed to go to St. Petersburg with a certain packet, sewn into his coat. Traveling by way of Sweden and Finland, on his arrival here he was met by a triend of his employers and taken for a walk on the quay, where at a lonely part he was set upon by three men, who cut out the packet and made off. Thereupon he communicated with the police, being convinced that he had been unwittingly the bearer of an infernal machine. So far for the story; now for the facts. Mr. G. certainly arrived as stated and placed himself in communication with the State police, who have kept him under strict surreillance ever since, an agent of theirs watching day and night at the hotel. His passport was taken away and all his correspondence intercepted. It is a curious fact that Mr. G. has made no application to the British Embassy. The Russian police are making every inquiry into his story.

Judge Barrett's Vigorous Argument for Childhood's Protection.

He Would Go Even Further than "The Evening World" Amendment.

Mr. Gerry's Objections Conclusively Answered-A Hearing Feb. 6.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT. All proceedings under this section (Nov. 201, Chap. 676, Lans of 1881, and Chap. 46, Lancot 1884), where mitment shall have been made, shall be subject to review by any court of record, upon certifrari on the facts and the law, and in such a proceeding the commit-ment order or judgment, may be affirmed or reversed or modified in such manner and to such extent as may seen

The Judiciary Committee of the Assembly gives a public hearing on Wednesday on the above amendment. In this connection the following vigorous interview with Judge Barrett is of the utmost importance. It conclusively answers the only real objection Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry has been able to make to the amendment. Judge Barrett is heartily in favor of THE EVENING WOELD's amend. ment, and says the revision of the law might well go even further.

JUDGE BARRETT'S VIEWS. A reporter asked Justice Barrett for an expression on the work undertaken by THE Eventus Would in obtaining the passage of the above amendment to the present laws governing the commitment of children by police magistrates.

"I have always thought that these commitments should be subject to revision," said Justice Barrett. "I have repeatedly, and with as much force as I could command, expressed my opinions on the subject, and a year ago I gave a very extended opinion on the matter."

The eminent jurist, ever in enruest, was very much in earnest as he said this, and his manner grew impressive as he continued : IT IS A GREAT INJUSTICE.

"A very great injustice is being done by not giving the Supreme Court opportunity to review and pass upon these cases. The Supreme Court would do substantial justice." continued Judge Barrett.

There are sometimes very grave reasons why a child should be released. It may have been committed because of the poverty of its parents and their inability to provide for it, and they may have become better circumstenced; it may have been committed under a misapprehension and the truth revealed later on, it may have been committed on perjured testimony and be entitled to release. But the law as it now stands sets up an insurmountable bar. It says the commitment is irrevocable.

"It is almost an infamous law!" said the Judge.

"Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children," sugested the reporter, " has said that if the law is amended as THE EVENING World desires, his Society will be compelled to abandon all such cases, because it cannot afford to litigate them."

AN ANSWER TO MR. GERRY Judge Barrett's eyes'flashed and his firm mouth closed tighter for an instant. Then he replied with energetic emphasis;

"IT WOULD BE BETTER, FAR BETTER, THAT THE SOCIETY BE WIPED OUT OF EXISTENCE THAN THAT THIS POWER FOR EVIL BE RETAINED BY IT FOR A SINGLE

A QUESTION OF JUSTICE. "Mr. Gerry and his Fociety have done a world of good in a wide field. The motives actuating them are of the noblest. But it would be better that the Society's powers be taken away from it than that it be permitted to tighten its grasp on a single child. The Society is not satisfied with the power it has. It saks for more. I would be an autocrat. But there should be a stop made. The Society should not be absolute. A police magistrate should not be

absolute. HE WOULD GO FURTHER THAN THE AMENDMENT. "There should be a balance of power between the parents and the Society, and above either," continued Judge Barrett, "The amendment proposed by THE EVENISG WORLD is a good one, so far as it goes. I

should go further.
... There should be a power yested in the Supreme Court to send proceedings lack to the magistrate or to review them and act upon the review. And the Court should be empowered to decide the case, not upon the review alone, but upon any new facts and changed circumstances and conditions as

well. And the Court should be empowered to recommit or discharge or make other disposition of children in such cases. "When Mr. Gerry says his Society must abandon such cases he talks nonscuse-mere nonsense. I am heartily in favor of any change in the law which will work a removal of this autocratic power from irresponsible hands and place it in a responsible tribunal.

HE FINDS HIS BROTHER.

access of the Mission of William Wilkinson, from Bounte Scotland.

concluded the eminent jurist.

the Editor of The Evening World

I have great pleasure in informing you that my brother John has been found at last, quite accidentally it would seem. A young man who used to work with him and who knew

that he was missing and all about it, met him yesterday morning on Ninth avenue, and, after a little persuasiou, got him to come with him here. I can assure you it did me good to see him, for it was quite unexpected at that hour of the morning. He has had a hard time of it for the last tortnight. I fancy he will not try it sgain. His mental condi-tion is to all appearances very fair. He talks quite sensibly and acts all right. It seems strange how he could do as he has been do-ing. I suppose there is a screw loose some-where. Please accept my best thanks for all the trouble you have taken in this affair. Wm.Wilkinson, 144 West Houston street.

That Tabernacle Scandal.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD,] LOWELL, Mass., Feb. 4, Oscar R. Barelay. the teacher of the Tabernacle Sunday-School. who is charged with indiscretion with a female into his story.

MONELL'S TERRESIA CONDIAL relieves diseases while teething. Frice 25 cents. Sold everywhere. *.*

Barclay. HOIST BY HIS OWN PETARD.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSIT FOR THE EVENING WORLD.] The Widow Araminta Green and Widower Nathaniel Snark

Owned farms adjoining, and had toiled for many years from morn till dark; Had both made hay through life's hot days, and

now when came more cool and breezy The early afternoon of life, both were inclined to take things easy. But in the bucket of content that each drew up

from hope's clear well. From out the dipper of their fate a bitter drop of trouble fell: And Widow Green was often blue with dire forebodings, grim and dark.

While o'er the way her neighbor gleamed a dull, almost extinguished Spark. 'I'd like tu know what Susie sees in Nat Spark's tall, long-legged Tim;

He ain't no match at all for Sue; in fact, she's much to good for him. talked 'nd scolded; 'taint no use, she'll run tu meet him down the lane, Looking as sweet as a wild rose; she really mus be quite insane.

Thus sadly mused the Widow Green, while busy with her hourehold cares, And she felt sure her darling Sue had fallen into direful mares: While o'er the way her neighbor Spark was cut-

ting fodder for his cattle. With frowning brow and gloomy face that gave portent of coming battle. What under heaven Tim can see in that ere

gal of Widder Green's Tu like, I really cannot see: I don't believe that she knows beans-A little, slender, foolish thing, with yaller hair

While Tim is fit to wed a Queen, 'nd is for any

'nd big blue eyes-

gal a prize.

'THE WILLOW LOOKED AS NEAT AS WAX."

But here this gal of Widder Green's has just bamboozled him for sure: She sin't no match at all for him; the thought of it I can't eudure.

I vow I'll go tu Widder Green, 'nd tell her now just how I feel; Maybe she'll send her gal away. Ah! that'd be a lucky deal."

And so one eve in Sunday clothes to Widow Green's his steps he bent; To talk the matter o'er with her in friendly way

was his intent. The widow welcomed him with smiles-she little guessed why thus he came. But tried her best in friendly way her neighbor

Spark to entertain. The widow looked as neat as wax: her eyes wer bright, her cheeks were red. And with her laughter and her jokes she nearly

turned Nathaniel's head. They talked of crops; the widow said that could beat him raising corn. This was a tender point with him; he said, 'Perhaps so, in a horn."

But when she spoke in warmest praise, warming Nathaniel's heart the while. About his spanking pair of bays, his honest facwas one broad smile. In fact, the hours so quickly sped before the

widow's witching grace, That when the old clock thundered "ten," h started with astonished face.

He took his hat in haste, and then with awkward bow passed out the door. Alas, his errand all forgot that seemed so urgen

Until when half way down the lane he saw before him Tim, his sou, With arm encircling Susie Green, whose eyes

surveyed him full of fun. Good-evening, Mr. Spark," said Suc. "Why, father, out so late?" said Tim

crusty grunt as he shot by was all the sound that came from him. He felt embarrassed, really did, before those eyes amused and keen,

And wondered how on earth he came to stay so late with Widow Green. But this affair of Tim and Sue must be attended

to at once.

And he resolved to go again and show them that he was no dunce.

And so another eve he stood arrayed in broad-

cloth, hat in hand, And knocked upon the widow's door with solemn face and full of sand.

Once more the widow laughed and smiled, and tensed and flattered neighbor Spark; Swift fled the hours by her beguiled, they be were gay as two old larks.

The widow accidently spoke of her lone lot in accents and. And inwardly Nathaniel vowed that it was really quite too bad.

And then be wondered how twould seem to have once more a wife about His lonely home, with smiling face. Ah. very nice 'twould be no doubt.

And then he blushed till both his ears took on a very rosy hue, To find that he was looking long into the widow's

eyes of blue. And when the orthodox old clock pealed out eleven," full and round.

Nathaniel Spark once more awoke and from his chair sprang with a bound. The night was warm, the widow walked with him along the path, sedate.

He looked again into her eyes and left her smiling by the gate. In thoughtful mood he strode along, once more his errand all forgot. Nor thought he of it till he saw his son and Suc

on the same spot Where he had passed them once before; he hesitated what to do.
Felt much inclined to run away, and then re-

solved to brave it through. Good-evening, Mr. Spark," quoth Sue Why are you out so late ?" asked Tim. On business," shortly answered he, so white lie could be no sin.

on he went he heard the sound of subdued laughter plainly rise,
And even in the dark he blushed and thought of Widow Green's blue eyes.

As more and more he saw the need of wifely hands about his home, once a week with sheepsh air towards the Widow Green's he'd roam.

The neighbors soon began to smile and say, with winks that meant no harm. The Widder Green's place fined to Spark's 'd make a mighty likely farm.

One night when Tim got courage up to sue the The widow smiled and blushing said, "I'll be a mother, Tim, to you."

And when Tim looked around and saw the slip-Beneath the stove of Widow Green he felt the

"Evening World" Readers in the Won-

moter of the Science of Dreaming.

THE EVENING WORLD offers a gold double ONE NIGHT WHEN JIM GOT COURAGE UP. interesting. double wedding came one day, the farms are

That the Dream Tournament will be a great one that erst were two.

Sparks shine with a double light, the nuccess is evident from the following dreams which have been selected from the large number And Tim and Sue are keeping house where already rulmitted:

INSPIRED BY THE FRENCH BALL.

To the Editor of The Evening World

GUESTS OF WHITELAW REID.

The Carriage Merely Took Them from the Gilsey House to 457 Madison Avenue--Their Shopping Finished, They Will Now Devote Themselves to Fecial Duties -Russell Harrison's Mission.

MRS. HARRISON AND SUITE DID NOT LEAVE

THE CITY.

widow's neither Green nor blue.

more remain unsaid.

Neighbor Spark lost heart and head.

And what he first went there to say will ever-

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

The arrival of Russell Harrison at the Gilsey House yesterday afternoon, and the departure an hour or so later of Mrs. Harrison and her daughter. Mrs. McKee, accompanied by their baggage and a multitudinous assortment of packages, the results of their shopping tours, gave rise to the rumor that the ladies had started on their return to Indian-

Such was the faith in this rumor that it was stated by many that they had left on the 6.30 o'clock train on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad.

This, however, was not the case, as the carriage which bore them from the hotel, de posited the ladies at the handsome residence of Whitelaw Reid, 457 Madison avenue, where they will remain, welcome and honored

guests for some days yet.

The fatigues of their numerous shopping tours have told upon the ladies, and they will require a few days in which to rest and receive their friends before returning to the

West.
Russell Harrison has also some business matters to attend to, and his mother has seen very little of him lately. This fact is alone sufficient to prolong their departure.
Mr. Whitelaw Reid informed an Evening Wond reporter this morning, that his invitation to Mrs. Harrison did not include any constitution to Mrs. Harrison did not include any constitution to Mrs. Harrison did not include any constitution to Mrs. Harrison did not include any

tation to Mrs. Harrison did not include any specified time, and that as long as they were pleased to remain at his house, they would be always welcome.

Their shopping, he said, was now concluded, and nothing but social demands would be made upon their time in future.

It is runnored in political circles that Russell Harrison's visit is not only for the purpose of escorting the ladies to their home, but that it is connected in some way with the bearing of messages to prominent Republications. bearing of messages to prominent Republi-cans. As the young man keeps bimself m strict secusion, there is no way of verifying

this statement.

this statement.

A young lady friend of the family is responsible for the statement that Mrs. Harrison's inaugural dress will to of black silk velvet, with a low bodice, but not decollete.

No definite plans have been arranged for the ladies to day, but it is understood that they will remain quietly sit Mr. Reid's house, receiving their friends, who will undoubtedly take advantage of her "at home."

New York's Astonishing Growth.

LPhiladelphia Record's New York Letter. 1 One hundred years ago the Collector of this port transacted his entire official business on the lower floor of the house in which he lives, and the Postmaster did the same. The latter, a fine old Revolutionary officer, who locked his door at the noon hour for dinner, and if he chanced to be absent at any other time the visitor hunted up his or her letter, left the money for postage on the table, and went away without further troubling the Postmaster. Times have changed. The huge old Custom-House on Wall street long since overflowed its lanks and deposited its since overflowed its tanks and deposited its appraisers, surveyors, payal agents and inspectors elsewhere, and now a new and greatly enlarged building has become and greatly enlarged building has become a public necessity. A century ago every business man in the city lived in the house in which he kept store or had an office, though he may have had a summer residence uptown. Now announcement is made that six lots on Broadway near Prince a reet are to be covered by a single ten-story iron and granite building, and that one business figurally the cellar and subcellar—the twelve stories comprising nine acres of flooring, and making what is probably the largest single establishment in the United States. This marvellous growth has occurred during the span of life of a single individual. There is an old lady living in Flushing, who came to New York and made her home here on Stone street, near the Battery, when she was ten years old, and who is able yet to recall the days when she went to the Post-Office and received her letters from old Gen. Bailey, and ceived her letters from old Gen. Bailey, and telt houored by his courtly, old-time bow, and who considered herself "almost a woman grown"—she was thirteen then, when this city was mourning the death of Washington.

> The All-Kind Mother. [James Whiteomb Riley in the Century.]
> Lo, whatever is at hand
> Is full meet for the demand;
> Nature of times giveth best
> When she seemeth charlest.
> She bath shapen shower and sun
> To the need of every one—
> Summer bland and winter drear.
> Dimpled pool and frozen mere.
> All thou lackest she hath still.
> Near thy funding and thy fill.
> Yield her fullest faith, and she
> Will endow thee royally.

Will endow thee royally.

Loveless weed and illy fair
Bhe attendeth, here and there—
Kindly to the weed as to
The lorn lily teared with dew,
Each to her hath use as doar
As the other; and thou clear
Thy cloyed senses thou may'st see
Haply all the mystery.
Thou shalt see the lily get
its divinest blossom; yet
Shall the weed's tip bloom no less
With the song-bird's gleefulness.
Thou art poor or thou art vich

Thou art poor or thou art rich, Never lightest matter which. All the glad gold of the noon. All the silver of the moon She doth lavish on thee, while Thou withholdest any smile Of thy gratitude to her. Baser used than usurer. Shame be on thee and thou seek Not her pardon, with hot cheek Aud bowed head and brimming eyes, At her merciful "Arise!"

The Tournament Opens with Very Interesting Matter.

derland of Sleep.

The Gold Double Engle a Great Pro-

agle for the most remarkable dream sent if by a eader. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the popular novel st, will get as judge and award the prize, The competition is open to every one. The accounts of dreams must be as short as posside, teritten on one side of the paper and, above all,

Quite a Dream Experienced by One of the Gny Attendants Therent.

I got home from the French ball at about 3 s. M., and threw myself on the bed without stopping to remove my clothing. As I lay thinking of the night's festivities I kept my eyes fixed on the chandelier burning brightly in the centre of the room. Suddenly it began to revolve; faster and faster it whirled until it seemed like a ball of fire suspended by a cobweb; then it commenced to ap-proach the wall of the room slowly, and with a way, undulatory movement, and as it did so it increased in size until it reached the floor below and the ceiling above. At last it touched the wall, noiselessly as a feather, and as it did so it shot out a myriad of sparks

and flames and vanished. and flames and vanished.

From the centre there stepped out a beautiful girl clad in pearl-white tights and eider down, and the room was now only lighted by the diamonds at her threat and wrist. Soon there was music, soft, low and plaintive, like a whipoorwill calling to its mate. The beautiful form took a step or two forward, then as the music grew-louder and faster she beautiful dance. Every movement had an indegan to dance. Every movement had an inde-

gan to dance. Every movement had an indescribable charm and grace.

But see; those heavenly eyes grow dull; that defeately rounded, dimpled check grows transparent; that rosebud mouth, with its piquant smile, is gone and a ghastly, grinning skull is all that remains. The beautiful garments drop to the floor and reveal a skeleton. Then for a moment it stands still. Oh, what a picture of its former self! And then it falls a shapeless mass of hours and then it falls a shapeless mass of hours and then it falls, a shapeless mass of bones, and

the music plays a dirge.

The bones sink into the carpet and all that remains are the diamends, which roll over and over, giving out fittul gleams, and they are on the back of a shiny, slimy snake, which raises its head and hisses, then glides towards me.

owards me.
I try to escape. I try to scream. I cannot.
am beld in an iron grasp, unable to move, "It's almost 9 o'clock, old man. If you are going to do anything to-day, you had better

art."

I opened my eyes and the sun was shining at the windows. It had been a dream.

M. S. B., 437 West Fitty-ninth street. A Stocktonian Dream.

othe Editor of The Evening World :

A few evenings since, after having read the hird instalment of Frank Stockton's thrilling story, "The Great War Syndicate," I retired to rest. For a long time, however, I woodd the drowsy god in vain, but at last dropped to sleep. But Mr. Stockton stayed with me. I beheld a dozen of his instantaneous motor-bombs fall into the city of London and saw the great English metropolis awept from the face of the earth almost in the swept from the face of the earth almost in the twinkling of an eye. It was an awful spectacle. Where London had stood the Thames river flowed and it was thickly dotted with repellers and crabs. What had been London was wafted out to sea and formed a new island. In the course of twenty minutes millions of Victoria's subjects had been reduced to a fine, impalpable powder. As the repellers steamed in the direction of Liverpool on another errand of destruction one of the instantaneous motor-bombs struck the roof of my father's house and fell by my bedside. I sprang at least two feet from my couch and landed upon the floor wide swake, but failed to discover the bomb.

HAPPEN SALTER,

521 Broad street, Trenton, N. J.

HAPRY SALTER, 521 Broad street, Treuton, N. J.

Converted by a Dream. o the Editor of The Scening World: Stopping at the Astor House in the month of October five years ago, I dreamed the side of the room opened and revealed marble steps as conding up into heaven. A presence stood at the top, which I believed to be our Baylour, and I awoke converted to Christian-ity. HARRY GLIBERT. 222 West Thirty-fourth street, Feb. 1.

Yes, 'Twas Very Remarkable. I read in THE EVENING WORLD of the

"Dream Tournament." Woke up this morning having dreamed that I won it. It remains to be seen if it was a wonderful dream or not. This is fact, not fancy,
Hotel Arno, room 24, Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, New York, Feb. 2.

A Five-Cent Dream. Last November I rolled a five-cent picce on

a table at 7.20 p. M. and every night at 11. I dream that I see vividly the five-cent piece rolling on the same table.

ABBAM AARONS, 98 BOWERY.

He Dreamed of Forrest's Reappearance.

The subject of dreams is one in which I am

In my younger years I was "stage struck."

deeply interested, having experienced some remarkable, and six or more prophetic. Here is one:

to the Editor of The Brening World.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is carefully prepared from Sarraparilla, Daudelier Mandrake, Dock, Pips'ssewa, Juniper Berries and other well known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Esrasparilla curative power not possessed by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the beat blood parifier. It cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimpies, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Sick Headachs, Indignetion, General Debility, Catarrh. Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, strengthens the nerves, and builds up the whole system. Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met poculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such is its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time, and Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or bleed purifiers. It is cold by all druggists. \$1: six for \$5. Prépared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

and my most absorbing admiration was for A DRAUGHT OF GOOD HUMOR great actors and actresses. Imagine, then, the grief that filled my youthful soul in

the grief that filled my youthful soul in being aware that my especial ideal (Edwin Forest) had retired from the stage ten years previous to my coming to New York, with the announcement that his retirement was final, and so accepted by the public.

One night in April, 1800, I had a dream which gave me hope and delight. I was walking up Broadway and turned in at the office of the Metropolitan Hotel and almost the first person I saw was Edwin Forrest. By some dream magic it appeared that we were old friends. He advanced promptly towards me and cortainly extended his hand. In those sonorous tones which carried delight to the Bowery gods of old he expressed himself as well pleased to meet me again and we talked together familiarly for several minutes. Finally I told him of my one special grievance that I should never see him upon the stage. He laughed and said cheerily: "If that is all disturbs you, my boy, take heart. I shall appear again in this theatre tome time in the Fad, probably about the middle of September. The first character may be Hamlet." I was rejoiced. He then bade me good night.

I did not buy the papers regularly in those days and depended for dramatic information upon the street placards. I related my dream to several of my acquaintances, who laughed and shook their heads. The Sammer passed.

to several of my acquaintances, who laughed and shook their heads. The Sommer passed and shook their heads. The Senimer passed, and I had came to the conclusion that my dream was only a tale of the imagination. One bright morning in August all the dead walls and brick piles glowed with large colored posters: 'Niblo's Garden. First appearance of Edwin Forrest in ten years. Final engagement. 'Ham'et.' Sept. 17." I was verified with astonibuseut and rentures. pearince of Edwin Forrest in ten years, Final engagement. 'Ham'et.' Sept. 17." I was petrified with astonishment and rapture. I was there on the first night (Crosby street cutrance)—what there was left of me from the crushing and fighting crowd. I saw Forrest as Hamlet, Lear, Ceriolanus, Jack Calle, Matamora, and all the rest.

CHARLES BRIDGMAN.

191 Clinton street, Brooklyn.

the Editor of The Evening World

I find on looking over my Evening World that you are having a dream tournament. Having had rather a funny dream last night, I think I shall send it in as it is too good to keen out of such a contest. I thought that I was walking in a large garden. The fruit hung upon every tree and bush. My father was sitting on a chair under a large apple tree. As I approached he looked up from his paper and said how funny this is! I was his paper and said how funny this is! I was just going to sleep a minute ago, and I was startled by something heavy falling on my lap, and on looking down I observed this newspaper. I picked up the paper from his knee, and as I did so a great shower of Evening Wonlos fell all over the garden. "Well," I said, "this is nice," I called my sister from the house and asked her to hold a basket for me while I picked then up: butas I would take hold of them they would dissolve away to nothing. "Why," said my sister. "don't you know what they are? They are sparks from Edison's electric star." At this juncture my dream was put to a stop by the noisy alarm clock, or there is no telling what would have happened next.

A. J. G., 356 Driggs street, Brocklyn.

A Nautical Vision.

I dreamed a few nights since that my husband and myself were going to Europe on a large vessel. My husband was to be the chief person to guide the yessel. We were on board, ready to start, when suddenly he fell overboard, but was immediately picked up by a steamboat and carried in another direcby a steamboat and carried in another direc-tion. Our vessel at once commenced swing-ing about and flying around and then dashed forward as if it was going out into mid-ocean. Some one on board cried out: "The king-bee is in motion, and unless it can be stopped we will be carried on without any control." We looked and saw a large honey bee, the size of a frog, working the ma-chinery and increasing the speed every moment.

Of course we went through all the fright of being drowned at any moment, when some one seemed to have power to turn the vessel and we were thrown one end upon the land. We all jumped out and felt we were merci-fully resented from a watery grave. The sud-den reaction from fright to safety awoke me. 29 East Forty-sixth street, New York City.

STATESMEN AT DRAW POKER.

Little Game in Which a Congressman Was Dealt Four Aces Pat. [Washington Letter to Pittsburg Dispatch.] I don't know just why I am reminded of a good poker story while speaking of Wilkins and Hatton, unless it is because it has been frequently printed by more enterprising corespondents than I that they are both excellent players, of course only in their own

social circles. Wilkins is said to be a terror among his Congressional friends, and it is related of Hatton that in his days as Assistant Postmaster he used to go to the White House and "clean out" President Arthur and Post-master-General Gresham in the highest style of the art. Well, the other evening and "clean out" President Arthur and Postmaster-General Gresham in the highest
style of the art. Well, the other evening
I called to see a Congressman by appointment. He was absent but had left word
that I should be sent to the rooms of another statesman. Going there I found one
of the cosiest little Congressional poker
parties of five that could be arranged from
both Houses. It is due to the Benate to say
that it was represented by one of its most
eloquent orators. The Representative whom
I was seeking gave the information he had for
me, and then I sat for a while looking at the
game. The Representative I referred to sat
to the left of the Senator, and had been having awful luck. He rerely caught a pair, and as
sure as he did some other player "tapped"
him. Shortly after my entrance all "passed
out," and there was a "jack pot," and it was
a good fat one, I assure you, for the ante was
\$5. It was not opened for three deals, and
then it came the Senator's turn to shake up
the pasteboards. The Representative was so
disgusted with his hands that, it being his
first "say," he exclaimed: "Til pass
blind."

The next man opened the pot for the

disgusted with his hands that, it being his first "say," he exclaimed: "FII pass blind."

The next man opened the pot for the amount on the table. Each one in turn stayed in until it came to the Representative, who had not until then picked up his hand. He studied the hand a moment and said in a discontented tone: "Well, FII stay and take one card." The opener took one card, two others took three cards, and the dealer, the Senator, took one. The opener made a big bet. The three-card men dropped out. The Senator 'saw" the opener and raised him a hundred. The Representative "called." The opener saw the hundred and raised two hundred. The Senator came back with five hundred better. To the astonishment of everybody, the Representative quietly counted out five hundred, and on top of that laid down a one-thousand-dollar bill. saying: "I want that pot, and I guess a thousand dollars will take it."

It is needless to say there was a "devil of a thinking" just then, but the opener soon called, and the Senator followed suit, each yet believing that the Representative was binfing. But when the hands were laid down there was a how!. The opener had spilt a pair of jacks and made a king-high flush. The Senator had made a king-high flush, The Senator had made a king-high flush, the had passed blind. Probably there is not upon record a luckier blind pass in a big jack pot. I asked the Eppresentative afterwards why he did not rais on his first bet. "Why," said he, "didn't you see the other fellows were watching each other? They never thought of me. I knew if I trailed there would be a good raise between them, and then I intended to come in with a big bet which would look like a bluff. You see, siter the second bet of R— and the Senator there was not only enough in the pot to justify a big bluff, but the two had in so much money they could not get sway from it. But I tell you when I picked up that blind hand and saw four aces pat in it I could hardly believe my eyes."

TWILL MAKE YOU SMILE AND WARM YOU UP THIS CHILLY DAY.

Blow for Blow.

Mamma-Tommy, don't you know that it's ery cowardly for a boy to strike a girl. Tommy-L: papa a coward?

Mamma—What an idea! Of course he isn't.
Tommy—I heard him tell that Mr. Bounds,
who was here yesterday, that he was going to
strike you for enough for the theatre tickets tonight.

An Expert.

[From the Chicago Herald,]
Dr. Gatling says that his new torpedo is the most deadly engine ever invented. The Doctor has practised medicine and is an expert in such matters. Commendable Consideration.

[From the Portland Gregorius.]

A despatch from foreign parts announces that

the Queen of Corea "lives in veiled seclusion

and smokes eigarettes." This shows a consider attor on the part of Her Corean Majesty quite unknown to the eigarette smokers in this coun-

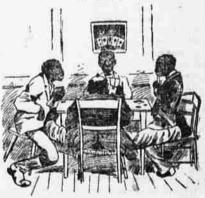
Only One Kind Then. [From the Chicago Tribune.] Man Who Wants a Bet Decided--I have called to ask you if the word hippodrome, in the time of the aucients, was not used exclusively to de-note an inclosure for horse or chariot races? Sporting Editor—It was. The modern style of championship wrestling matches was unknown to the ancients.

"My friend," said the solemn-looking man who was distributing slips of paper on the street corner, "do you ever go to church?"

"Every Sunday," replied the young man addressed. "I am an usher."

"There is hope even for you, my young friend, "said the solemn-looking man, with deep feeling, as he handed him a tract. 'do you ever go to church?" y Sunday," replied the young man ad-

That Tell-Tale Mirror. [From Judge.]



Mr. James-I'll stay out dis hitch. igorously right and left.) Mr. Howells-So'll L.

Mr. Biglein-I don' see nuffin' in my han' wuf 'rastlin' wiv.
Mr. French (with his back to the glass)—
Peahs ter me yo gonnelman's bery timid ter git
scart off on a pah ob juices.

Two Fair Shoplifters. [Providence Journal's New York Letter.]
I saw a shoplifter work for the first time last week. The tempting display of holiday goods is by no means over yet. In fact, as it is the ball and opera season these displays in our large New York establishments are more our lerge New York establishments are more dazzling, tempting and seductive than eyer, so much so that poor, weak human nature succumbs. I was buying gloves at a glove counter in one of the largest and most thronged establishments in the city. Just at an open the counter is a double one. They were looking at a box of long silk gloves of all shades, the kind of gloves that are worn at tancy balls. The girls were very prettily dressed. They wore Directoire gowns of novelty wool and velvet, sealskin jackets and pretty seal toques with eagle feathers, and them to the other. The situation was gone one of the girls took a pair of the gloves and handed them to the other. Who immediately slipped them into her muff. Then she looked around to see if anyone was observing her. She saw me looking straight at her, are intention, to use a French idiom that cannot be translated. She glared at me. I looked, nay, I stared at her. The situation was father dramatic. She was evidently frightened, but there was really no occasion for fear. I was even more afraid of going day after day into a stuffy, dreadful court to testify against her than she was of being attested. But I thought I would give her a searc. So I called to the floor-walker, and then looked again at the girls. How they paled and qualled before the fire of my eyes. Then I asked the walker if he would be so kind as to tell me where I would find corrects. dazzling, tempting and seductive than ever,

parting glan THE GENUINE IMPORTED

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As an Aperient it should be taken before breakfast. CARLSBAD MINERAL WATERS

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Dr. B. London says: "The Natural Mineral Waters of Carlsbad ACCELERATE ABSORPTION, STIMULATE NUTRITION, CORREGET ACIDITY, AID DIATE. LATE NUTRITION, CORRECT ACIDITY, AID DE-GESTION, CALM THE NERVES, SOOTHE IRRITA-

TION and PURIFY THE BLOOD. Is my experience that have proved the MOST RELIABLE CURATIVE AGENT I over employed."

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